Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VIII. HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY., MAY 18, 1886. NUMBER 40

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, strictly cash in advance $2,00

One copy, six months $1,00

No subscriptions taken on time and all papers stopped when out.

One copy free to any one sending us five early cash subscribers.

Willie Bradford, five years old, strayed away from his home in the Cherokee Nation the other day, and the next day what the wolves had left of the poor little fellow was found in a mountain glen.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN

A brown-haired, blue-eyed wee one,
Grown weary, and tired of play,
Climbed up on my knee to ask me
In her simple, childish way:
"Have you any friends in Heaven,
That you sometimes want to see?"
Can you guess how the question thrilled me
Like a minor melody?

I thought, as I sat in the twilight,
With that wee one on my knee,
Of my little blue-eyed baby
Whose summers numbered three:
She went from my arms to heaven
One spr ng-time years ago,
And left in my heart that sorrow
That only mothers know.

I thought how the baby's father
Grew lonesome, and longed to hold
Once more on his breast our baby
With hair of sunset gold.
And one summer eve he left me
To search for our baby of three.
And I know full well he found her,
But he never came back to be.

Do I ever want to see them?
Oh! child of the violet eyes,
My heart has gone on before me
To the hills of Paradise.
Some day I shall feel their kisses
Drop balm on my weary heart,
Mine only, and mine forever,
Though earth and Heaven apart.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Home Visitor.*

ONLY "HOPE."

Why the Blue-Eyed Little Lady Was Christened "Our Hope."

When Hope Harris was born, they said she was a poor little thing and could never amount to much. As to whether they meant "much" in regard to flesh and blood, or the size and amount of brains, was not explained; but they said it with pitying faces and low voices, and mourned with the mother that the child was so insignificant.

Why they named her Hope, is quite as hard to tell, unless in the small endeavor to make her hopeful in some way.

She was little, and weak, and gentle; no one asked for her opinion in regard to anything; no one took it if it was given. She was just "little Hope" to her mother and father and half dozen brothers and sisters—sweetly pretty, with eyes like bits of the skies—deep, unfathomable—hair like the soft, yellow silk of the corn swaying down in the meadows, clear, delicate complexion, and a gentle smile that suited well her wee round figure and tiny hands.

Her big, broad-shouldered brothers laughed at and teased her; her tall, graceful sisters snubbed her unceasingly.

She was "only Hope" to them all.

From childhood she grew to girlhood.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood sweet."

At home they gave her up as incorrigible, and left her to her own devices. All those small, apparently useless things that slip into the day's occupation of a large household fell to Hope. Up and down stairs went her tireless feet, performing those duties which none of the others would do, as being too mean and trivial for their notice, yet without which the household wheel could not have gone round. If there was a catch in the wheel, or the hubs were loose, it was Hope alone who could mend and oil the machinery. Her fingers were the ones that caught up the dropped stitches in her mother's knitting; her quaint little ballads were the music which soothed her father's heart; her soft words healed many a quarrel between her brothers, even as her needle mended the rents in their clothes. Still, to herself, as well as to them, she was "only Hope," of little account, and less use in the big, wide world.

Her brothers and sisters married, one after the other; the oldest sister with her husband and children came to live at the old homestead, and Hope lived on there, too, without any desire to marry or change her lot. She was quite contented; of little use, perhaps, but then it was *home*—they all knew her, she did not have to explain that she knew almost nothing, was not wise in any way. Yet her brothers' and sisters' children seemed to find no one in whom they confided as in her, even while they, too, fell in with the general custom, and called her "only Aunt Hope."

Time passed on, swinging his scythe, and, lo, in his path rose war, loosening the lash from his hounds! In place of the church-bells thundered the cannon, while dense smoke hung, fog-like, over the hills that echoed back the ringing of steel on steel, the snorts of the horses, the shouting of men!

Hope's brothers went out from the corn-fields and laid down the plow for the sword. There were wet eyes and sad hearts at the homestead, but the country called out for her sons, and these broad-shouldered laddies must go, and the wives and daughters, the mothers and sisters, smiled bravely through all their tears.

Hope grew daily silent and thoughtful, her blue eyes wide and wistful.

"What ails you, child?" asked her mother one day, as they all sat out on the shady piazza, busily plying the shining needles through the bands of linen that were to go as bandages to the wounded soldiers far away.

"Nothing, mother," answered Hope, smiling as she turned down a hem and went on sewing.

"But something does ail you," said Mrs. Harris, her aged eyes searching eagerly the fair young face. "You are always quiet, Hope, but lately, a stone could hardly be duller than you."

"You don't play with us or tell us stories either, Aunt Hope," chimed in a childish voice at her knee, "an' I went to your room last night 'cause I couldn't sleep, an' there you was at the window looking out, so I went back to bed an' didn't 'sturb you, Aunt Hope."

"Are you at last in love, Hope?" asked one of her sisters, laughing.

"No," said Hope, simply. Then she sat silent awhile.

When she spoke again, her blue eyes were looking across the wheat fields to the distant line of hills.

"Mother," she said softly, "I have decided a question which has troubled me very much lately. Away off beyond those hills lie the battle-fields and the camps where our wounded men are lying, dying day after day because there are so few to nurse them back to life. You have my sisters here, I can be of so little use to you or them, and it is my duty to go and do what I can for our soldiers. Do not try to dissuade me," as they started up in surprise and horror. "My mind is made up to do this thing, and I must go. I have written to one of the nurses, and she tells me gladly to go. You can not miss me, and perhaps as there are so few there, I can be of some little service."

And so she went; unclasping the clinging fingers of the children, smiling back at the group gathered on the rose-twined piazza of the time-worn homestead, over whose threshold her light feet had so often passed and so gaily.

How strange the old home seemed without her! How plainly the big rooms told of the absence of a small, gentle woman, whose voice and eyes not being there, left so little music and sunshine.

"Yet," they said, comforting one another, "Hope was so helpless and weak, she surely can not stand the strain on her strength, or be of any use there in the hospital tents on the battle field, and will soon return."

But the days and weeks went by and still Hope Harris did not return, worn and weary, to the old farm-house, as her parents and sisters and friends expected. Instead, she flitted in and out, to and fro, among the soldiers lying helpless upon the rude beds, like an angel of mercy, with eyes like the skies, and hair like stray gleams of sunshine.

She grew brave in the midst of danger. Her real womanly nature asserted itself as she ministered to the wounded and dying. There she found her work which had slipped past her at home. Her hands were small, perhaps, and slender, but strength lay under the delicate blue-veined flesh, while there reposed in the dainty finger-tips a magic power that charmed away many a headache from broad, manly brows.

A woman's hand is an exquisite poem, with rare, sweet rhythm in curves and lines.

The hands of Hope Harris were small and womanly, but the work they accomplished was a wonderful work.

Two sturdy young men were wounded and brought to the tents one day, the one with his right leg gone, the other minus his left arm.

A nurse was needed. The surgeon called for Nurse Harris, and without one word of warning or preparation, little Hope, white-faced, but steady, bent over the bedside where lay broad-shouldered John.

"Hope!" he cried, amazed, starting up only to fall back helpless among the pillows, the red blood staining the torn blue sleeve, while Hope, her lips trembling, but with steady hands, helped the surgeon in his work of dressing the terrible wound. And when that was finished and the big fellow lying quiet, they went to the other poor soldier, and up into Hope's set face looked the bonnie blue eyes and features, stern from pain—of him who had been his mother's pride and darling—glad-hearted, mischief-loving Jim!

The surgeon said afterward that he wondered how she stood it, so dainty and so small she looked, bending above the painfully set face of the man lying helpless before her, and added, as he brushed something from his eyes, that the hungry look on the big fellow's face as she leaned down to him was enough to make the hardest heart ache. But the recovery of the two young fellows, he said, was entirely due to the untiring care of the gentle nurse. While away off in the farm-house Hope was blessed with tears and prayers for the good that she had done.

And when the battle was over and all met around the hearthstone in the big homestead, bound in rose vines, the hearts of each and all swelled with unutterable love and gratitude to the small, golden-haired, blue-eyed little lady, who ever afterward was tenderly cherished as "our Hope," to never again be "only Hope!"—*F. R. Ludlum, in the Woman's Magazine.*

VERY CURIOUS.

A Scotch Physician's Experience With a Chinese Patient.

The Chinese are firm believers in auspicious and inauspicious days. When about to undertake anything of importance, they resort to divination to ascertain if the project will turn out well.

An American merchant, residing at Canton, was once asked by a rich Chinese merchant to visit his son, who was sick, and to fetch a foreign physician with him. Having chosen a Scotch physician named Cox, the American called at the mansion, where they found the invalid in his own suite of apartments, attended by numerous servants and looking very ill. The doctor studied the case, and sent a prescription prepared at his own dispensary to the sick boy. But a day or two afterward, the American learned that the boy was better, though he had been unable to take the medicine prescribed by Dr. Cox. Another question developed the reason why he did not take it.

About A. D. 173—194, there lived a famous physician named Hwa-To, now deified and worshiped as the god of medicine. It is customary before taking medicine to burn before an altar dedicated to Hwa-To fragrant matches, and then, with three small pieces of wood, to divine whether the medicine will prove beneficial or hurtful. The divination consists in casting simultaneously the three pieces of wood, which are flat on one side and convex on the other, into the air. The manner in which they fall to the ground gives the information sought for. When the prescription was received from Dr. Cox, this ceremony was gone through, and the result being inauspicious, the medicine was not taken.

"No good chance," said the father, in pidgin English. "Too muchee curio! Kok-see (Cox) number one handsome man!"

That is, it was very curious the signs were not auspicious, as Cox was such a stout man, and the Chinese think stoutness a sign of ability and a mark of beauty.—*Youth's Companion.*

DENSITY OF POPULATION.

An Interesting Study for Students of the Population Problem.

The following summary will be of interest to those who wish to compare the relative density of the population in different countries in Europe and America. The number of inhabitants given is that occupying a square kilometer, which is about .39 of a square mile.

In Europe, Belgium is the most densely populated country, and in America, Chili. The mean density of the population by countries is thirty-two inhabitants to the square kilometer in Europe. Doubtless the limited extent of territory in Chili give it the advantage of a more dense population, because there is little waste territory.

Belgium	197	Portugal	69
Holland	125	Spain	32
Great Britain	112	Turkey in Europe	28
Italy	90	Sweden	10
Germany	84	Russia	7
France	71	Chili	3.5
Switzerland	63	United States	6.6
Austro-Hungary	61	Buenos Ayres	1.7
Denmark	61	Argentine Repub	1.3

—*The Sanitarian.*

—Grindstones are made from natural sandstone, the stones being cut to shape and afterward turned

GIFT OF SPEECH.

An Accomplishment Which, If Not Natural, May Be Cultivated.

Probably, my son, you never considered how important a thing it is in life to use language with felicity and copiously. I purpose showing you, by a couple of examples, how appetizingly a dish of fact may be garnished by the flowers of speech.

Here is a bald, uninteresting matter of fact statement:

"As I came down town this morning, I saw a man run down by a herdic. He was not hurt, but his clothing was badly soiled."

Now there is nothing attractive in this statement. It is juiceless, spiritless, inartistic. See how the same materials can be made intensely interesting:

"By blowpipe! I witnessed a condemnationed narrow escape this morning. Great Zeus! but I thought the incarnadined fool was booked for Hades, for sure! He was just ahead of me, d'ye see, and the man, by stove-lifter! must have been blind or asleep. An unsanctified herdic came careering down the street, by pens and scissors! and just as the anathema got half-way over the crossing, by pianaforte! the herdic, by curtain fixtures! came on to him, by elm tree! pell mell, and, in an instant, by tobacco! he was down on his marrow-bones, by collar-buttons! and the horse almost on top of him, by check-rein! The fellow wasn't hurt, but, by Boston Common! he got a condemned dusting, by sealing-wax! and he looked, by pocket-knife! as though, by cuspidore! as though, by garden sass! he had been wallowing in a horse-pond, by locomotive and a train of cars! all his natural life, by primrose and daisies!"

There, that is something like. You have the same story, but embellished and beautified into a real work of art. A few oaths interspersed into the commonest narrative will enliven it wondrously. There is much virtue in an oath.

Again: You are called upon to make a speech. You have nothing to say; therefore you remark to this effect:

"Mr. Chairman—I am no public speaker; and if I were, I have nothing to say. Therefore I beg to be excused from attempting to make a speech. Thanking you for calling upon me, I will, with your permission, now resume my seat."

That is what you would say; but an orator would express the same idea in language befitting and eloquent. For instance:

"Mr. Chairman—Utterly and irrevocably unaccustomed and unused as I am to mount and ascend the raised and elevated rostrum and to dispense and give forth thence glowing, glittering and resplendent streams of speech, rounded and rotund periods of eloquence and ornamental and ornate oratory, I am especially and particularly unfortunate and unhappy at this time and moment in not having any thing to talk about, to speak of or even to mention. Hence and therefore, Mr. Chairman, I beg and supplicate and pray to be excused and pardoned and forgiven if, Mr. Chairman, I neither attempt nor essay, nor yet endeavor, to speak or talk upon this occasion or at this time or in this presence; but that I may be permitted and allowed, both at this time and upon this occasion, to be excused and exempted from making, manufacturing or constructing any remarks of any kind whatsoever, or from uttering, delivering or giving voice to any thoughts, cogitations or reflections. And, Mr. Chairman, returning and extending my heartfelt thanks and good wishes to you, Mr. Chairman, for calling upon and requesting me to address this honored and honorable assemblage of honored and honorable gentlemen, I will now and at this time, with your kind and graceful permission, your indulgence and your well-known and universally recognized courtesy, resume and retake the seat from which I ought never to have arisen, and which I ought never to have relinquished or left. Again thanking you, Mr. Chairman, for the honor you have bestowed upon and vouchsafed to one who was never fitted to flourish in the luxuriant fields of oratory, I once more sink and descend into the obscurity and insignificance from which I ought never to have emerged or ventured forth."

This is oratory; this is eloquence. Copy this style of speaking, my son, and you will soon acquire name and fame as a public speaker.

And to you, my daughter, I have a word to say. Instead of simply saying:

"I saw Sue to-day, but she didn't have anything particular to say;"

Endeavor to cultivate that faculty of diffusive particularity so uncommon to your sex, and deliver yourself in this wise:

"I saw Sue to-day—and, by the way, what a taste she has in bonnets—oh! that reminds me of May Flemington; she's got a lovely new wrap, and John Strut says—you know John; his sister married Charley Black—wonder what she ever saw in Charley! I'm sure I never could endure him, he isn't a bit good-looking, and then he's so stupid—what was I going to say? O, yes! John Strut; John says—oh, Belle! have you seen John's new turnout? It is awfully nice. I was telling Kitty only last night—what a queer girl Kitty is! Did I ever tell you about the time she and I had last summer?——"

And so on indefinitely. I am aware that this perspicuous and delightfully varied style of speech is seldom acquired by females; but, my dear daughter, it is not so difficult, after some practice. Acquire it, by all means.—*Boston Transcript.*

A HARD FATHER.

How He Abused the Confidence of His Daughter's Admirer.

The clock was on the stroke of twelve and old man Stuffey was awakened by muffled voices in the hall below.

"Wife," he said, "what is that?"

"It's Sary and her young man," replied the wife.

"'Tain't morning, is it?" he asked.

"I don't know what time it is."

"I will see about this," he said, getting up and putting on his boots.

In a few minutes his wife heard a dull thud down stairs, and shortly after the old man returned.

"I am not an astronomer," he said, "and I can not explain it, but I saw the son rise a few moments ago, and it is now midnight."

Then he looked reflectively down at the toe of his boot, took them both off, blew out the light and went back to bed.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—In the United States every 200th man takes a college course; in England, every 500th; in Scotland, every 615th; and in Germany every 213th.—*Chicago Herald.*

DREAMS AND ILLUSIONS

Some Interesting Suggestions of the Material That Dreams Are Made Of.

Wundt regards most of dream representations as really illusions, since they emanate from sensorial impressions which, though weak, continue during sleep. An inconvenient position taken by the sleeper causes the representation of painful work, perilous ascent of a mountain, etc. A slight intercostal pain becomes the point of an enemy's dagger or the bite of an enraged dog. Difficulty in respiration is fearful agony caused by nightmare, the nightmare seeming to be a weight rolled upon the chest or a horrible monster which threatens to stifle the sleeper. An involuntary extension of the foot is a fall from the dizzy height of a tower. Flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of respiration. Further, "those subjective visual and auditory sensitions which are represented in the waking state as a luminous chaos of an obscure visual field, by humming and roaring in the ears, and especially subjective retinal sensations, have an essential role," according to Wundt. "There are shown to us innumerable birds, butterflies, fish, multicolored pearls, flowers, etc." But if there be some cutaneous irritation, these visions are usually changed into caterpillars or beetles crawling over the skin of the sleeper.

The sleeper sometimes dreams of his appearing on the street, or in society, only half dressed; the innocent cause is found in some of the bed-clothes having fallen off. An inconvenient position of the sleeper, a slight hindrance to respiration or interference with the action of the heart, may be the cause of dreams where one seeks an object without being able to find it or has forgotten something in starting upon a journey. The movements of respiration may suggest to the sleeper, as previously mentioned, flying, but this flight may be objective, and instead of himself flying he sees an angel descending from the heavens or a luminous chaos where birds are swiftly moving.

The representations of dreams having sensorial origin may have mingled with them those which arise solely from the reproduction of past memories. Thus parents or friends cut off in the flower of life ordinarily appear in dreams because of the profound impression which their death or burial has made, "hence the general belief that the dead continue during the night their intercourse with the living."—*Medical News.*

WILD FRUITS.

How Some of the Richly-Flavored American Fruits May Be Used.

Not a few of the native fruits now unused are both refreshing and safe if they were only known. The berries of the flowering currant that flourish along the Colorado canyons are a subacid, wholesome fruit, for compotes or preserving. The cloudberry, growing high up the Rocky Mountains, is esteemed in Scotland as of finer flavor than the blackberry. The viburnum, or high-bush cranberry, is found in swamps to the Arctic circle, and its acid fruit would be welcome to many a fever-parched settler, or, better still, prevent the inroads of intermittent fever if he knew of its plenty and its value. Flowers and fruit of the common elder are held in high esteem on the continent, for their fine flavor. Mountain-ash berries are as good as they are beautiful, and are used in cookery by the Welsh and English dalesmen. Many of the thorns bear acceptable fruit. The wild red plum and the Chickasaw plum, or mountain cherry, grow from Wisconsin to Arkansas. Pokeweed has an ill name, by no means deserved, and the settler may think kindly of it and the little husk cherry when they come up in his stubble, the first fruits of the wilderness. The ground cherry or strawberry tomato, *Physalis pubescens* and *P. viscosa*, fruit in six weeks after sowing, with care, and the later makes the most serviceable little berry in the world, being so full of its own sugar and gum that it stews into delightful compotes without any addition. From the foot to the head of the list takes us again to the persimmon, our American date, of the same family as the ebony tree, and well deserving of a place in fine shrubberies. Service berries and sloes, bullaces, and all manner of hips and haws are made into confections by other nations than our own, who have learned to be discriminating in flavors, and there is a long list of acid, finely tinctured wild plants whose stalks or leaves might be useful in the cuisine. A preserve of sour-grass, for instance, has very much the qualities of a green grape jam, or of rhubarb, but only direst poverty has the thrift to make use of it.—*From S. D. Powers' "Fruit Pastes, Syrups and Preserves."*

GAS WELLS.

The Average Life of Gas Pools Not Greater Than That of Oil Pools.

The fallacious notion that natural gas deposits will be more enduring than petroleum deposits have been needs correction. No good reason can be assigned why the average life of a gas-pool should be greater than that of an oil-pool. Indeed, if the probabilities are considered the chances for longevity appear to be in favor of the latter. Oil when produced in excess of daily demands can be tanked for future use; accumulating stocks depress prices; low prices retard developments, and thus prolong the life of a pool—and, as before cited, oil can be pumped with profit after gas has been practically exhausted.

Gas can not be tanked like oil, and in most cases no preparations are made for controlling and saving it in the wells; all daily surplusage is wasted; there can be no accumulation of stocks above ground to affect market values, hence prices are more likely to advance than to decline, and all increasing demands must be met by new wells.

The location of a gas-pool is evidently a very important factor in estimating its probable life. If situated where only a limited market is to be supplied it may be lasting; but if near a large city which can not be surfeited, it must soon be exhausted by the excessive drilling of speculators and competing pipe-lines, and it would not be at all surprising if some of the gas-pools now starting out with the greatest promises should have brilliant but short-lived careers.—*J. F. Carll, in Petroleum Age.*

—We have received a communication entitled "Ignorance." After carefully reading the article, we have come to the conclusion that the heading is the most appropriate one that could have been chosen.—*Pacific Jester.*

PITH AND POINT.

—An Irishman wrote home to his friends over the briny that in this blessed land everybody is so honest a reward has to be offered for thieves.

—A fashion item says sealskin sacques are rapidly growing out of fashion. We suspect by next fourth of July not a sealskin sacque will be seen on the street.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"What makes you love me?" asked a young mother of her little daughter. "I don't know, mamma," was the reply, but fink it is because I have known you so long."—*Troy Times.*

—Men may boast of the fragrance of the genuine Havana cigar, but right here in San Antonio, aye in our sanctum, we can find a match for the finest cigar ever made—and smoke it, too, with the greatest of pleasure.—*Texas Figaro.*

—A great many people take off their religion with their Sunday clothes and hang it up in the closet so it will be fresh next Sunday. It is a wise thing to do, for that kind of religion couldn't stand the racket of every-day temptation.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—"We go to press at two instead of four to-day," said a Tennessee paper, "in order to attend to some business of importance in the country." At precisely five minutes of four two high-toned-looking gentlemen with shot-guns called, and wanted to know where the editor was.

—A farmer writing to a friend, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine, thus unbosomed himself: "Respected sir, I went to the fair at Monson. I found several pigs of our species. There was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

—In a Nutshell.—"What's the reason there are so many divorces nowadays," asked Mrs. Yerger, who was reading the morning paper. "I have studied the subject thoroughly from every possible standpoint, and I think I can point out the true cause, and as long as that cause lasts there will be divorces," replied Colonel Yerger. "What is that cause?" "Matrimony."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A married man says a looking-glass affords a woman a marvelous amount of comfort and gratification. He says his wife thinks just as much of consulting the looking-glass when she ties on her apron as when she ties on her bonnet. When there is a knock at the door he goes there at once, but his wife, on the contrary, ejaculates—"Mercy, Joseph! who's that?" and dashes for the looking-glass the first thing.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Bobby was awake when his mother returned home for the theater at midnight. "Did you say your prayers to nurse, Bobby," she asked, "before you went to bed?" "No," he said, sleepily, "I forgot it." "Well, you had better come and say them to me now." "What!" said Bobby, in drowsy astonishment, "does God stay up all night?"—*Life.*

THEY MET AGAIN.

A Love Story Whose Truthfulness is Readily Perceivable.

They stood together under the waving branches of a mighty elm on the banks of a singing brook one fair, sweet night in June. A calm and holy joy was in her fair young face—the joy that comes to a maiden loving and beloved. She looked up into his handsome face with such a proud, tender, trustful look. Her hand rested confiding in his; soft and low were the words she spoke—words no ear but his should hear.

And he! Ah me, and ah me! Would that I could give to the face and the heart of every young man the calm, sweet, holy joy that face portrayed, that heart reveled in. He lived and loved. Life seemed like a summer sea before him. Ah me, and ah me! That ever storm should come, that ever rude blasts should assail, that ever hearts should break! Well, well, and again, I say, well, well! Lives and loves end every day, lives and loves like these. Lovers part to meet no more; hearts break and are forever sad.

She spoke:

"Adelbert," she sighed, her voice like the far away tinkling of evening bells, "and must this be? Must we, O, Adelbert, *must* we be torn apart? O, Adelbert, me poor heart will break!"

"Courage, my sweet one, courage," he said, with trembling voice and quivering lips, "it shall not be for long. I go to the golden West to make a home, humble it may be, for me beautiful bride. Have courage, me life. We shall meet again."

"Yes, yes, yes," she cried, quickly and passionately, "we *shall* meet again. O, Adelbert, if it were not for that blessed assurance I should die, I should die! Heaven be praised, we shall meet again."

One passionate, thrilling, joyous, manly, burning kiss on her white lips and he was gone, leaving her in a swoon on the banks of the murmuring stream under the tender light of the pitying stars. He was gone!

And he didn't come back. Various policemen, justices of the peace and county judges know why. The "golden West" seemed one or a dozen too many for him. A man who met him in Leadville ten years later said he was the toughest-looking old pill he ever saw in all the born days of his life. He had lived in six different mining camps and had married in each of them. The six deserted wives were too glad to get rid of him to make any fuss over his bigamistic irregularities. He was free to go back to his first love now if he would. After fifteen years he thought he would.

And she? Had she been faithful? Had her heart broken? Was she lying under the daisies on the banks of that stream where first she told her love? Ah, me! We shall see!

A woman, a great big woman, is bending over a wash-tub in a little back yard in an alley running between the streets of an Eastern city. She is doing out "a bit of washing" for her nine small children, while the husband basks on his back in the sunshine by her side. He is smoking; so is she. Four dogs lie at her feet. The nine children are "raising Cain" in the front of the house, but she heeds them not. A man is coming through the alley with a two-wheeled, shaky and uncertain cart and a shakier old blind horse. He is crying:

"Bot-tels, bot-tels, bot-*tels!* R-a-a-gs, r-a-a-gs and bot-*tels* to buy! Bot-tels, bot-*tels!*"

The woman hies quickly away to a barrel in a corner of the yard and fills her apron with empty bottles.

"Here you!" she shrieks. "Here's—" She stops and looks at the man. He looks at her. There is recognition in both their faces. Heart pictures and memories are never effaced.

"Well, I'll be derned," said he.

"So'll I," said she.

They had met again.—*Detroit Free Press.*